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MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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CAPTAIN AMERICA™
SPECIAL BICENTENNIAL ISSUE!
ON THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNITED STATES
AMERICA WILL DIE!
AND ONLY CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN SAVE IT!

1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

GREAT BATTLES USUALLY BEGIN IN THE SILENT HOURS BEFORE SUNRISE... THE ONE ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE IS OF AN UNPRECENTED NATURE--THE KIND ON WHICH THE FATE OF NATIONS DEPEND--AND IT NEEDS NOT ONLY THE SILENCE, BUT THE PRECISE TIMING OF COURAGEOUS MEN WHO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THE STAKES ARE. THEY MUST NOT ONLY WRECK THE MONSTROUS MADBOMB, BUT, CAPTURE THE WELL-GUARDED CONSPIRATORS WHO MADE IT--CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON ARE IN COMMAND! AND THE JOB MUST BE DONE BY--

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT!

WE'VE REACHED THE GROUNDS OF THE TAUREY ESTATE, MEN! COMBAT TEAM, STAY WHERE YOU ARE--TECHNICIANS, FRONT AND FORWARD! WORK QUIETLY! WORK FAST! AND BE CAREFUL!!

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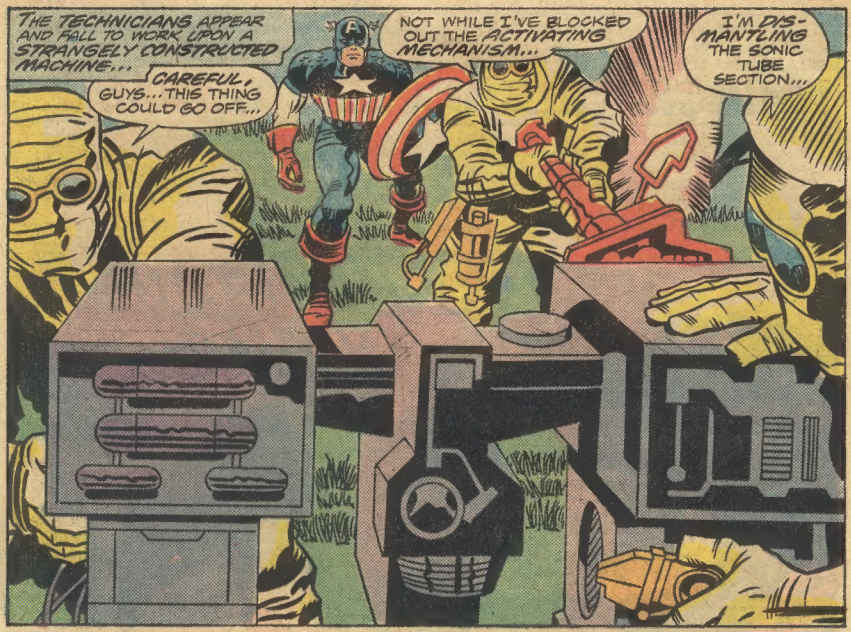
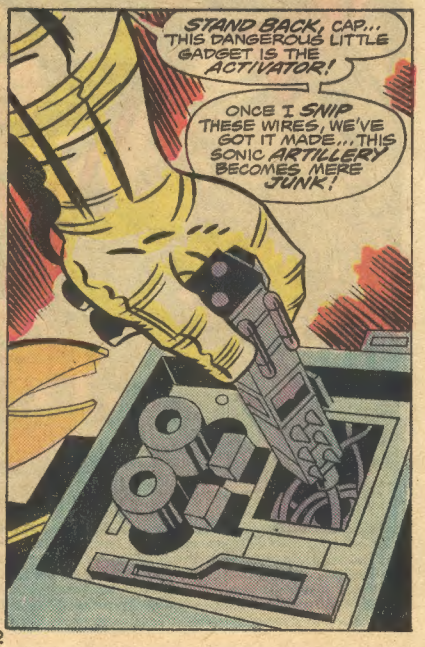
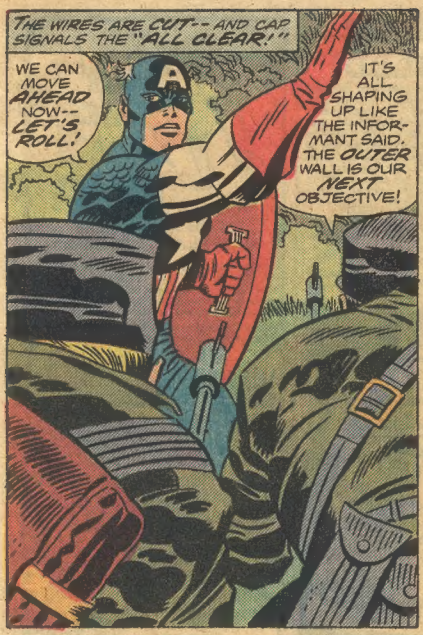
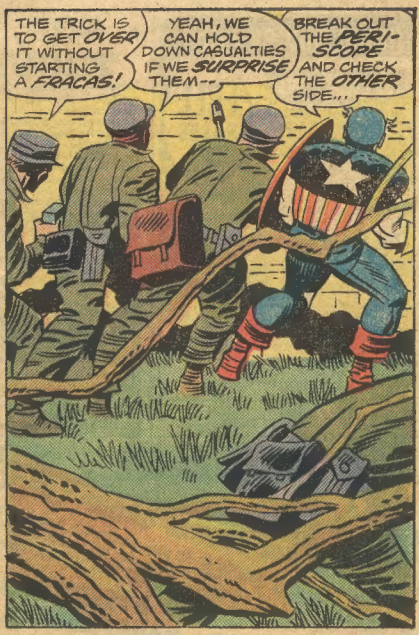

THE TECHNICIANS APPEAR AND FALL TO WORK UPON A STRANGELY CONSTRUCTED MACHINE...
CAREFUL, GUYS... THIS THING COULD GO OFF...
NOT WHILE I'VE BLOCKED OUT THE ACTIVATING MECHANISM...
I'M DISMANTLING THE SONIC TUBE SECTION...

THIS IS A SONIC WAVE PROJECTOR... IT'S GOT ENOUGH POWER TO WIPE OUT A COMPANY OF MEN...
THE INFORMANT IS THE KEY TO THIS OPERATION. HE KNEW ALL-- AND TOLD ALL...
THANKS TO YOUR INFORMANT, WE WERE PREPARED TO DEAL WITH IT. HAD WE GONE IN COLD-- WELL-- THAT WOULD'VE BEEN ANOTHER BALL GAME!!


STAND BACK, CAP... THIS DANGEROUS LITTLE GADGET IS THE ACTIVATOR!
ONCE I SNIP THESE WIRES, WE'VE GOT IT MADE... THIS SONIC ARTILLERY BECOMES MERE JUNK!


THE WIRES ARE CUT -- AND CAP SIGNALS THE "ALL CLEAR!"
WE CAN MOVE AHEAD NOW -- LET'S ROLL!
IT'S ALL SHAPING UP LIKE THE INFORMANT SAID. THE OUTER WALL IS OUR NEXT OBJECTIVE!


THE TRICK IS TO GET OVER IT WITHOUT STARTING A FRACAS!
YEAH, WE CAN HOLD DOWN CASUALTIES IF WE SURPRISE THEM --
BREAK OUT THE PERI-SCOPE AND CHECK THE OTHER SIDE...

PREPARED FOR EVERY CONTINGENCY, THE COMBAT TEAM USES ITS PERISCOPE.
OKAY!
WE'RE IN LUCK... I SEE ONLY ONE SENTRY ON DUTY. THE ENEMY DIDN'T EXPECT INTRUDERS TO MAKE IT PAST THAT SONIC KILLING MACHINE...
WE'RE GOING OVER THE WALL. YOU KNOW YOUR JOB -- DO IT QUIETLY --

--BUT, REMEMBER -- THERE'S MORE THAN ONE MERCENARY STATIONED ON THIS ESTATE... IF WE FOLLOW OUR PLAN TO THE LETTER, WE CAN TAKE THIS BUNCH BEFORE THEY'VE REALIZED WHAT'S HIT THEM!
LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!

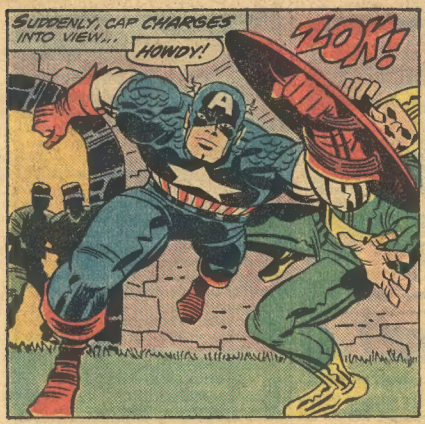
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

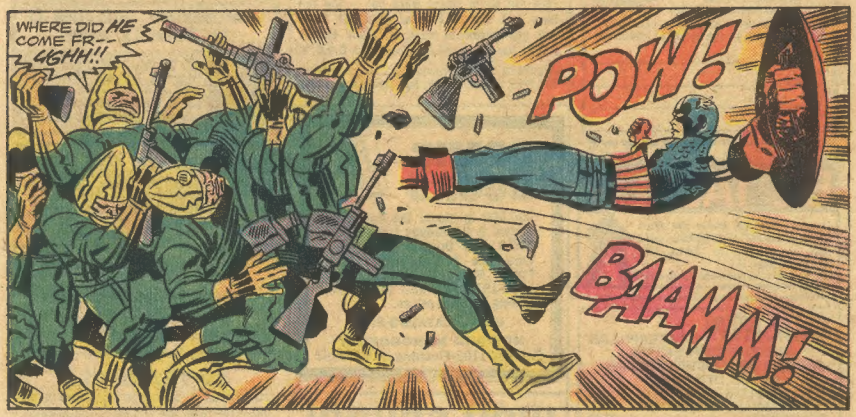
IT'S GREAT TO WATCH CAP AT WORK. HE'S A REAL PRO!
HIT 'IM, CAP-- HIT 'IM!
IF WE WORK THE "SURPRISE" RIGHT, WE COULD TAKE THIS PLACE WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT!
THE ASSAULT FORCE MOVES ON--COVERING GROUND FREE OF HIDDEN MENACE. NOW, IT MUST CONTEND WITH THE HUMAN FACTOR--THE ARMED "MERCENARY-FOR-HIRE!"

SCRATCH ONE SENTRY. THE MAIN GROUP IS UP AHEAD!

THE ARCHED GATE LEADING TO THE MANOR HOUSE IS REACHED--CAP SIGNALS FOR CAUTION...
LOOKS LIKE THE PALACE GUARD IS ACTIVE ON A "ROUND THE CLOCK" BASIS...
WHAT'S UP--?

FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, CAP SURVEYS THE OPPOSITION... THE IMMEDIATE ENEMY IS A SQUAD OF MERCENARIES, PREPARING TO EMBARK ON A PATROL OF THE GROUNDS...
KEEP AWAKE!! LIFT THOSE FEET! LET'S SEE YOU EARN YOUR PAY!--HUP-HUP-HUP--!





THE SHIELD "SWAT" FORCE CONTINUES ON... IT RUNS... IT PAUSES... AND, CAP, IN THE LEAD, TAKES THOSE SECONDS TO REFLECT ON THE FATE OF THE "OTHER" GROUP, WHICH HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO DESTROY THE "MADBOMB"...
THINGS ARE GOING WELL HERE... I WONDER IF THE FALCON AND HIS BOYS HAVE BREACHED THAT BOMB EMPLACEMENT?

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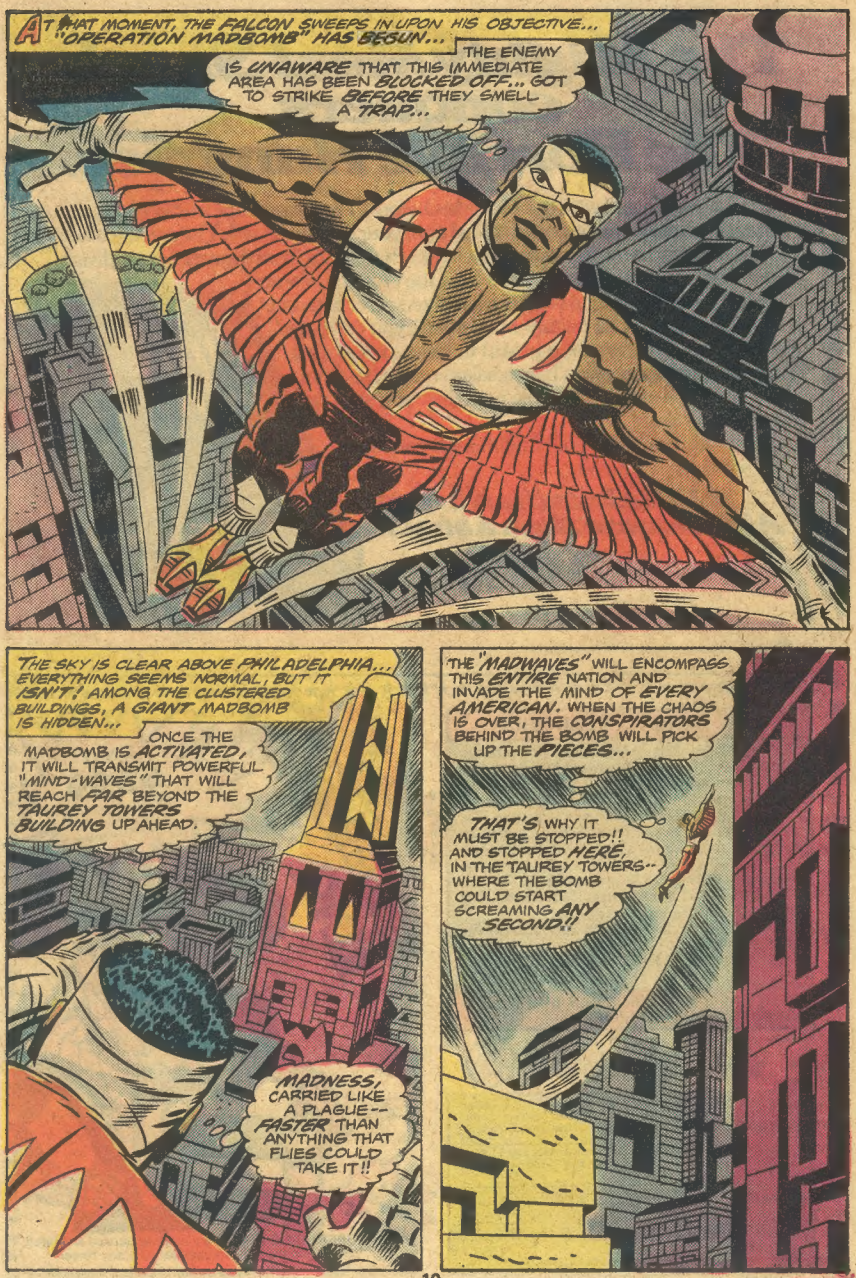
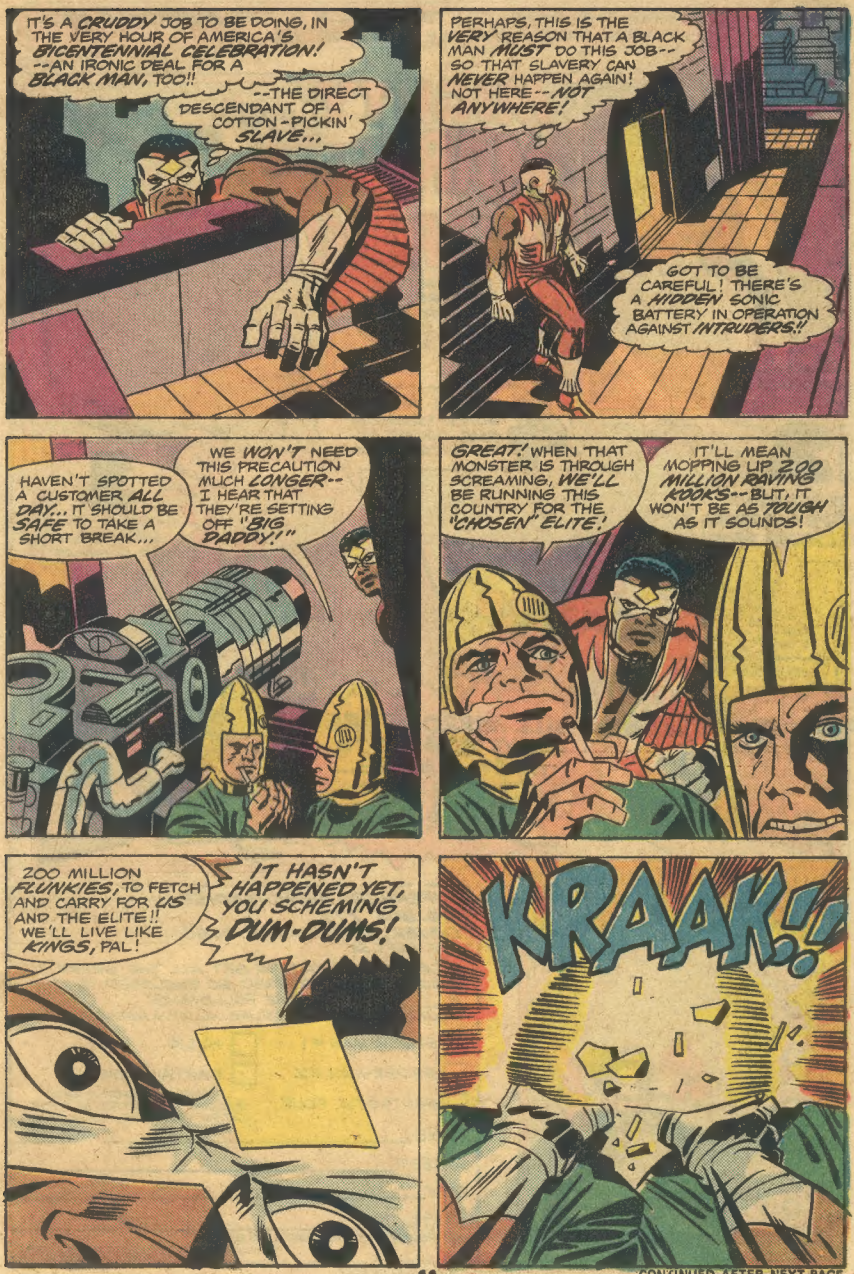

AT THAT MOMENT, THE FALCON SWEEPS IN UPON HIS OBJECTIVE... "OPERATION MADBOMB" HAS BEGUN...
THE ENEMY IS UNAWARE THAT THIS IMMEDIATE AREA HAS BEEN BLOCKED OFF... GOT TO STRIKE BEFORE THEY SMELL A TRAP...
THE SKY IS CLEAR ABOVE PHILADELPHIA... EVERYTHING SEEMS NORMAL, BUT IT ISN'T! AMONG THE CLUSTERED BUILDINGS, A GIANT MADBOMB IS HIDDEN...
ONCE THE MADBOMB IS ACTIVATED, IT WILL TRANSMIT POWERFUL "MIND-WAVES" THAT WILL REACH FAR BEYOND THE TAUREY TOWERS BUILDING UP AHEAD.
MADNESS, CARRIED LIKE A PLAGUE -- FASTER THAN ANYTHING THAT FLIES COULD TAKE IT!!
THE "MADWAVES" WILL ENCOMPASS THIS ENTIRE NATION AND INVADE THE MIND OF EVERY AMERICAN. WHEN THE CHAOS IS OVER, THE CONSPIRATORS BEHIND THE BOMB WILL PICK UP THE PIECES...
THAT'S WHY IT MUST BE STOPPED!! AND STOPPED HERE, IN THE TAUREY TOWERS -- WHERE THE BOMB COULD START SCREAMING ANY SECOND!!


IT'S A CRUDDY JOB TO BE DOING, IN THE VERY HOUR OF AMERICA'S BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION! --AN IRONIC DEAL FOR A BLACK MAN, TOO!!
--THE DIRECT DESCENDANT OF A COTTON-PICKIN' SLAVE...
PERHAPS, THIS IS THE VERY REASON THAT A BLACK MAN MUST DO THIS JOB-- SO THAT SLAVERY CAN NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! NOT HERE--NOT ANYWHERE!
GOT TO BE CAREFUL! THERE'S A HIDDEN SONIC BATTERY IN OPERATION AGAINST INTRUDERS!!
HAVEN'T SPOTTED A CUSTOMER ALL DAY... IT SHOULD BE SAFE TO TAKE A SHORT BREAK...
WE WON'T NEED THIS PRECAUTION MUCH LONGER-- I HEAR THAT THEY'RE SETTING OFF "BIG DADDY!"
GREAT! WHEN THAT MONSTER IS THROUGH SCREAMING, WE'LL BE RUNNING THIS COUNTRY FOR THE "CHOSEN" ELITE.
IT'LL MEAN MOPPING UP 200 MILLION RAVING KOOKS-- BUT, IT WON'T BE AS TOUGH AS IT SOUNDS!
200 MILLION FUNKIES, TO FETCH AND CARRY FOR US AND THE ELITE!! WE'LL LIVE LIKE KINGS, PAL!
IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET, YOU SCHEMING DUM-DUMS!
KRAAK!!

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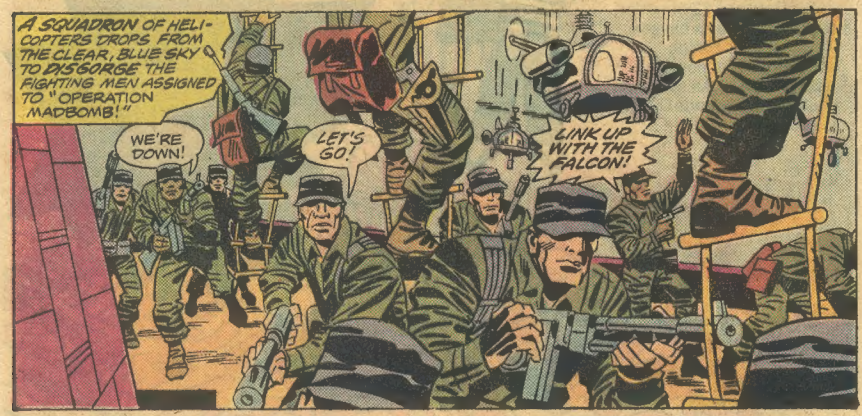
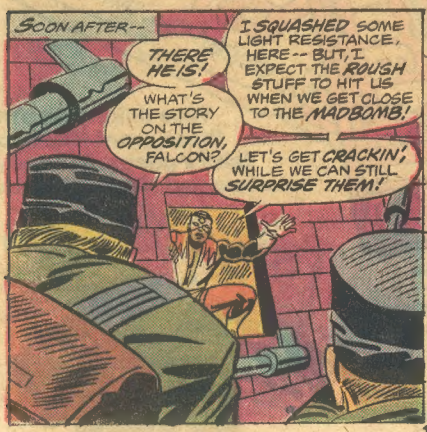
THE FALCON'S STEEL MUSCLES RELAX AS THE TWO MERCENARIES SLUMP TO THE FLOOR—
THEIR KIND OF JIVE SURE CAN IRRITATE A DUDE... WHILE THEY SLEEP IT OFF, I'LL CONTACT THE STRIKE FORCE--

WHEN THE FALCON'S GLOVE IS PEELED AWAY, A "WRIST TRANSMITTER" IS REVEALED.
FALCON TO STRIKE FORCE! ALL CLEAR FOR LANDING ON NORTH SIDE OF TOWER!
THE TIME IS NOW!-- THE TIME IS NOW!


A SQUADRON OF HELI-COPTERS DROPS FROM THE CLEAR, BLUE SKY TO DISGORGE THE FIGHTING MEN ASSIGNED TO "OPERATION MADBOMB!"
WE'RE DOWN!
LET'S GO!
LINK UP WITH THE FALCON!


SOON AFTER--
THERE HE IS!
WHAT'S THE STORY ON THE OPPOSITION, FALCON?
I SQUASHED SOME LIGHT RESISTANCE, HERE-- BUT, I EXPECT THE ROUGH STUFF TO HIT US WHEN WE GET CLOSE TO THE MADBOMB!
LET'S GET CRACKIN', WHILE WE CAN STILL SURPRISE THEM!

A TV MONITOR SUDDENLY FLASHES ON... THE FALCON STARES AT THE STARTLED FACE ON THE SCREEN...
OH-OH! THERE GOES OUR ELEMENT OF SURPRISE!
WHA--!? WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU!?

DON'T YOU KNOW ME, CHUM? I'M YOUR UNCLE SAMMY!-- I DROPPED IN TO HELP YOU PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS!
FEDS!
DARN RIGHT, YOU SNAKE-EYED ANIMAL!
SMASH!
WITH LITTLE TIME TO LOSE, THE FALCON BARKS HIS ORDERS AND CHARGES FORWARD!
RIP 'EM OFF, MEN! SMASH EVERYTHING THAT STOPS YOU!
KEEP GOING UNTIL WE'VE WRECKED THAT MADBOMB!
GOT'CHA, FALCON!
THE STRIKE FORCE BREAKS INTO THE CORRIDORS LEADING TO THEIR OBJECTIVE...
NO TROUBLE OUT HERE, FALCON!
THEN IT'S WAITING FOR US UP AHEAD! I'LL JUST FIND OUT WHERE IT IS!
AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR, THE FALCON IS MET BY A SAVAGE FUSILLADE OF GUNFIRE!
"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND!"
WAM!
POW!
POW!
POW!

BARELY ESCAPING WITH HIS LIFE, THE FALCON REACHES HIS MEN AND CALLS FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK!!
BAM! BAM!
BRING UP THAT RECOILLESS RIFLE!
IT'S A PERFECT WEAPON FOR SHOOTING AROUND CORNERS!
THE STRANGE WEAPON LAUNCHES ITS ROCKET... THE CORRIDOR SHAKES FROM THE IMPACT!
WAAM!
WE'VE FLATTENED 'EM!
ON YOUR FEET!-- AND DOUBLE TIME IT! OUR WORK'S JUST STARTED!
MEANWHILE, AT THE TAUREY ESTATE, CAP AND HIS MEN HAVE ADVANCED TO A BARRACKS HOUSING MERCENARY GUARDS--
THEY LOOK MIGHTY RELAXED IN THERE...
THIS SMOKE GRENADE WILL CHANGE THINGS! AT LEAST, IT WILL COUGH UP SOME ACTION!
COULDN'T HELP THE PUN, CAP!
CRASH!
COUGH- COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!
DROP YOUR WEAPONS! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
THEY'LL COME OUT AS TAME AS LAMBS!

WHILE PRISONERS ARE TAKEN, CAP AND A DETAIL OF MEN REACH THE MANOR HOUSE!
SOUNDS LIKE A BALL GOING ON IN THERE, CAP--
THANKS TO LUCK AND GOOD TIMING, WE CAN NOW CRASH THE PARTY!! LET'S PAY OUR RESPECTS TO THE ELITE!
CAP OPENS THE DOOR WITH ALMOST PAINFUL SLOWINESS-- BUT THE GUARD REACTS TO THE SLIGHTEST SOUND.
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE HIRED AN EVIL GEORGE WASHINGTON AS A BOUNCER...
HE PACKS A HEATER, TOO!
AS CAP DRAWS CLOSE, THE BUTLER WHIPS OUT THE WEAPON... BUT SECONDS TOO LATE.
UGH...OO
BAM!
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!
WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT, FELLAS. IT LOOKS LIKE THE ENTIRE ELITE HAS GATHERED HERE FOR A VICTORY COSTUME BALL!
VICTORY FOR THEM MEANS IGNITING THE "MAD-BOMB!"
A GLIMPSE INTO THE GREAT MANOR HALL CONFIRMS THIS, AS WILLIAM TAUREY, LEADER OF THE CONSPIRACY, ADDRESSES HIS FOLLOWERS...
REJOICE, FRIENDS! I'VE GIVEN THE ORDER TO ACTIVATE THE GIANT MADBOMB! ITS WAVES ARE THIS MOMENT, INUNDATING THE COUNTRY WITH PARANOIA!! WHILE THE CITIZENRY DESTROYS ITSELF-- WE SHALL BEGIN OUR FESTIVITIES--
IF THE FALCON'S STRIKE FORCE HAS DONE ITS JOB, THESE FESTIVITIES WON'T LAST LONG...

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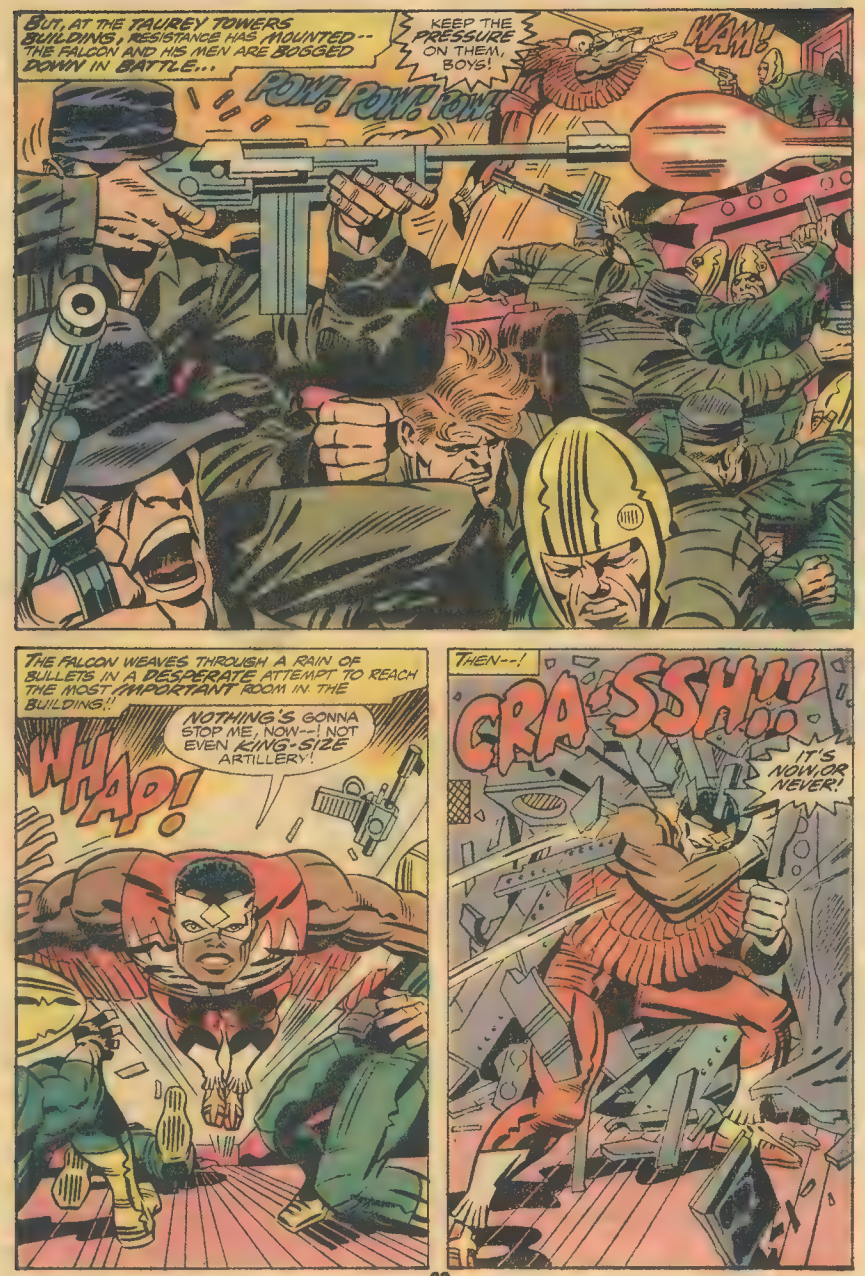
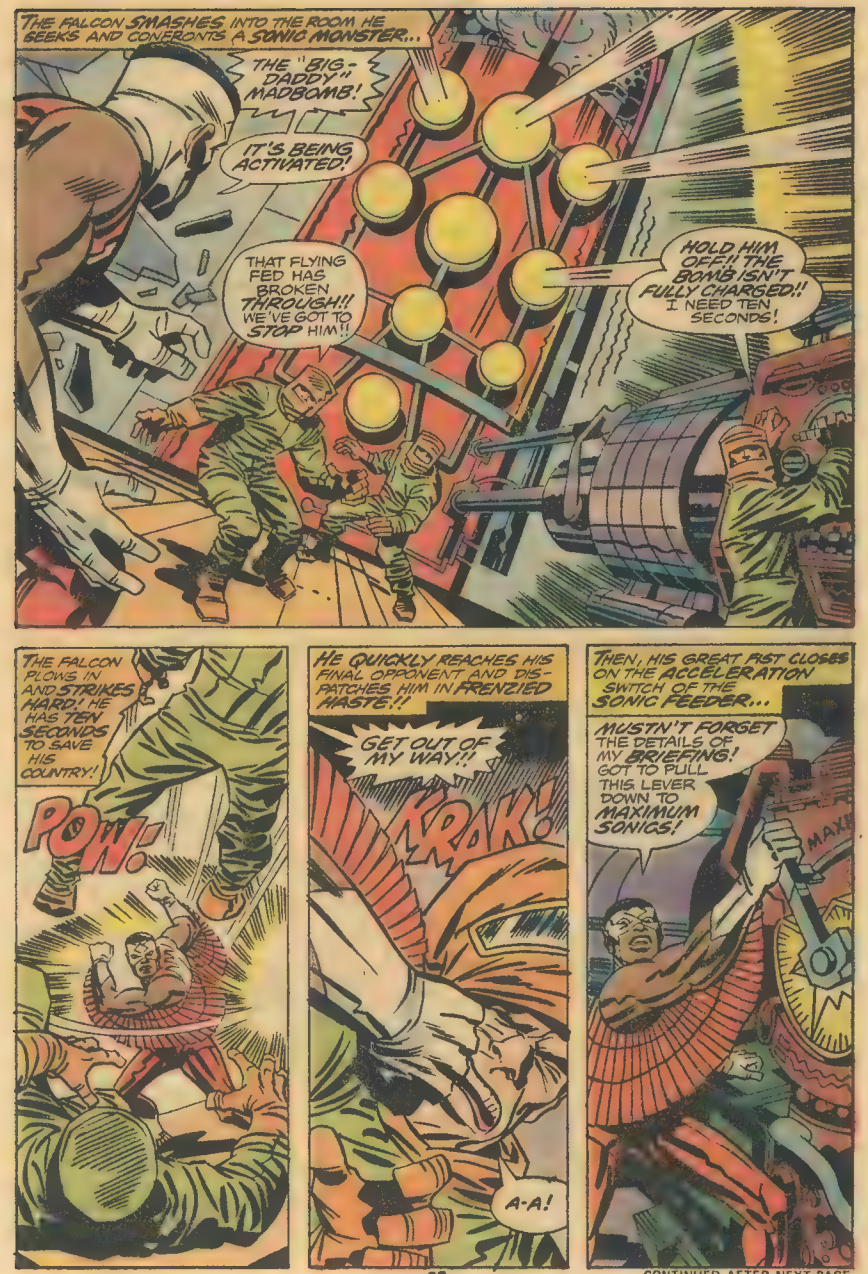

BUT, AT THE TAUREY TOWERS BUILDING, RESISTANCE HAS MOUNTED -- THE FALCON AND HIS MEN ARE BOGGED DOWN IN BATTLE...
KEEP THE PRESSURE ON THEM, BOYS!
POW! POW! POW!
WAM!
THE FALCON WEAVES THROUGH A RAIN OF BULLETS IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO REACH THE MOST IMPORTANT ROOM IN THE BUILDING!!
NOTHING'S GONNA STOP ME, NOW--! NOT EVEN KING-SIZE ARTILLERY!
WHAP!
THEN--!
CRA-SSH!!
IT'S NOW, OR NEVER!


THE FALCON SMASHES INTO THE ROOM HE SEEKS AND CONFRONTS A SONIC MONSTER...
THE "BIG-DADDY" MADBOMB!
IT'S BEING ACTIVATED!
THAT FLYING FED HAS BROKEN THROUGH!! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!!
HOLD HIM OFF!! THE BOMB ISN'T FULLY CHARGED!! I NEED TEN SECONDS!
THE FALCON PLOWS IN AND STRIKES HARD! HE HAS TEN SECONDS TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY!
POW!
HE QUICKLY REACHES HIS FINAL OPPONENT AND DISPATCHES HIM IN FRENZIED HASTE!!
GET OUT OF MY WAY!!
KRAK!
A-A!
THEN, HIS GREAT FIST CLOSES ON THE ACCELERATION SWITCH OF THE SONIC FEEDER...
MUSTN'T FORGET THE DETAILS OF MY BRIEFING! GOT TO PULL THIS LEVER DOWN TO MAXIMUM SONICS!
MAX!!

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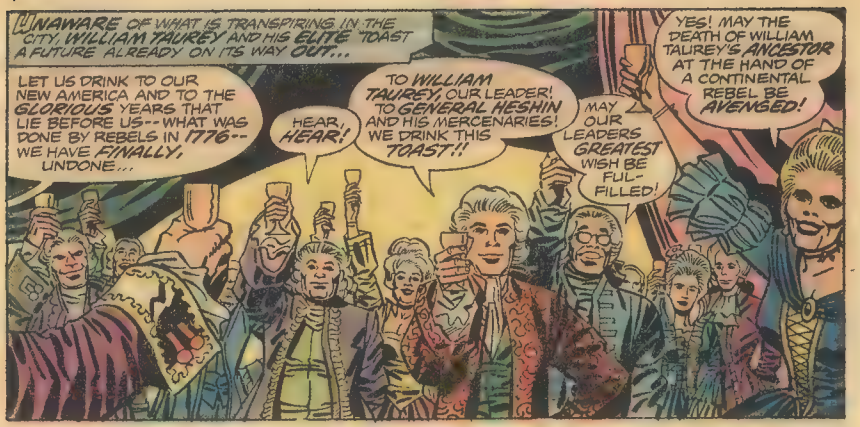
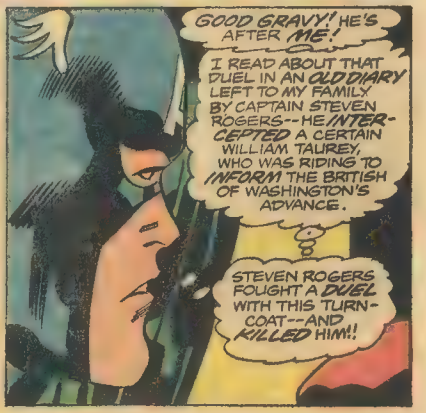
THE MADBOMB WHINES AS ITS SONIC BUILD-UP INCREASES AT TRIPLE ITS RATE...
I-I CAN FEEL THE MIND-WAVES--THEY MUST BE INCREDIBLY POWERFUL--!
THE SONIC INCREASE JUMPS TO TENFOLD!
A-A-A-A-A!!
A STORM IS RISING IN THE MADBOMB--A SEETHING MASS OF SOUND WHICH RIPS INTO THE FALCON'S BRAIN WITH BRUTAL FORCE!!
AAAAAA!
THE STORM IS NOW A DISASTER IN THE MAKING!! THE ROOM TREMBLES! EQUIPMENT VIBRATES AND CRACKS!! BUT THE FALCON HANGS ON DOGGEDLY!!
THEN, THERE IS NOTHING TO HOLD ONTO... EQUIPMENT CRUMBLES...THE AIR FILLS WITH FLYING DEBRIS...
SONIC CHAOS TAKES HOLD! THE GREAT ROOM IS UNABLE TO CONTAIN THE ROARING TORNADO--WHICH IS TEARING IT APART!
THUS, THE HUGE TOWER ATOP THE TAUREY BUILDING BEGINS TO SHOW SIGNS OF STRESS...PIECES OF IT FLAKE OFF AND HURTLE INTO SPACE.
KK-KK-KRAAKK!!
IT DISINTEGRATES RAPIDLY. AN UNSEEN FORCE FROM WITHIN SEEMS TO BE POUNDING ITS WAY TO THE OUTSIDE.
KRAASSH!
WHEN ITS OUTER COVER IS GONE, THE GIANT MADBOMB STANDS REVEALED, STRICKEN BY ITS OVERBURDENED CAPACITY TO DEAL WITH A RUNAWAY SONIC HOLOCAUST...
SSSKKRREEE!


UNAWARE OF WHAT IS TRANSPIRING IN THE CITY, WILLIAM TAUREY AND HIS ELITE TOAST A FUTURE ALREADY ON ITS WAY OUT...
LET US DRINK TO OUR NEW AMERICA AND TO THE GLORIOUS YEARS THAT LIE BEFORE US--WHAT WAS DONE BY REBELS IN 1776--WE HAVE FINALLY, UNDONE...
HEAR, HEAR!
TO WILLIAM TAUREY, OUR LEADER! TO GENERAL HESHIN AND HIS MERCENARIES! WE DRINK THIS TOAST!!
MAY OUR LEADERS GREATEST WISH BE FUL-FILLED!
YES! MAY THE DEATH OF WILLIAM TAUREY'S ANCESTOR AT THE HAND OF A CONTINENTAL REBEL BE AVENGED!

NEVER FEAR! THAT DUEL, FOUGHT 200 YEARS AGO, WILL COME FULL CIRCLE WHEN I FIND THE DESCENDANT OF CAPTAIN STEVEN ROGERS!
GENERAL HESHIN WILL FIND THIS WEAKLING--AND I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM! SOMEWHERE, THERE IS AN ARMY REJECT CALLED STEVE ROGERS. HE SHALL PAY FOR WHAT HIS ANCESTOR DID!


GOOD GRAVY! HE'S AFTER ME!
I READ ABOUT THAT DUEL IN AN OLD DIARY LEFT TO MY FAMILY BY CAPTAIN STEVEN ROGERS--HE INTERCEPTED A CERTAIN WILLIAM TAUREY, WHO WAS RIDING TO INFORM THE BRITISH OF WASHINGTON'S ADVANCE.
STEVEN ROGERS FOUGHT A DUEL WITH THIS TURN-COAT--AND KILLED HIM!!

MEANWHILE, TAUREY RANTS ON...
OH, HOW GRATIFYING IT WILL BE TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH THIS SCARECROW, ROGERS! I'LL MAKE HIM CRAWL FOR MERCY. BUT HE SHALL FIND NONE!

CAP RESPONDS TO THIS SPEECH AS IF IT WAS HIS CUE TO STEP FORWARD... HE DOES--
WH-WHAT IN TARNATION!!
IT SEEMS I'VE BEEN INVITED HERE, AFTER ALL! WELL, HERE I AM!

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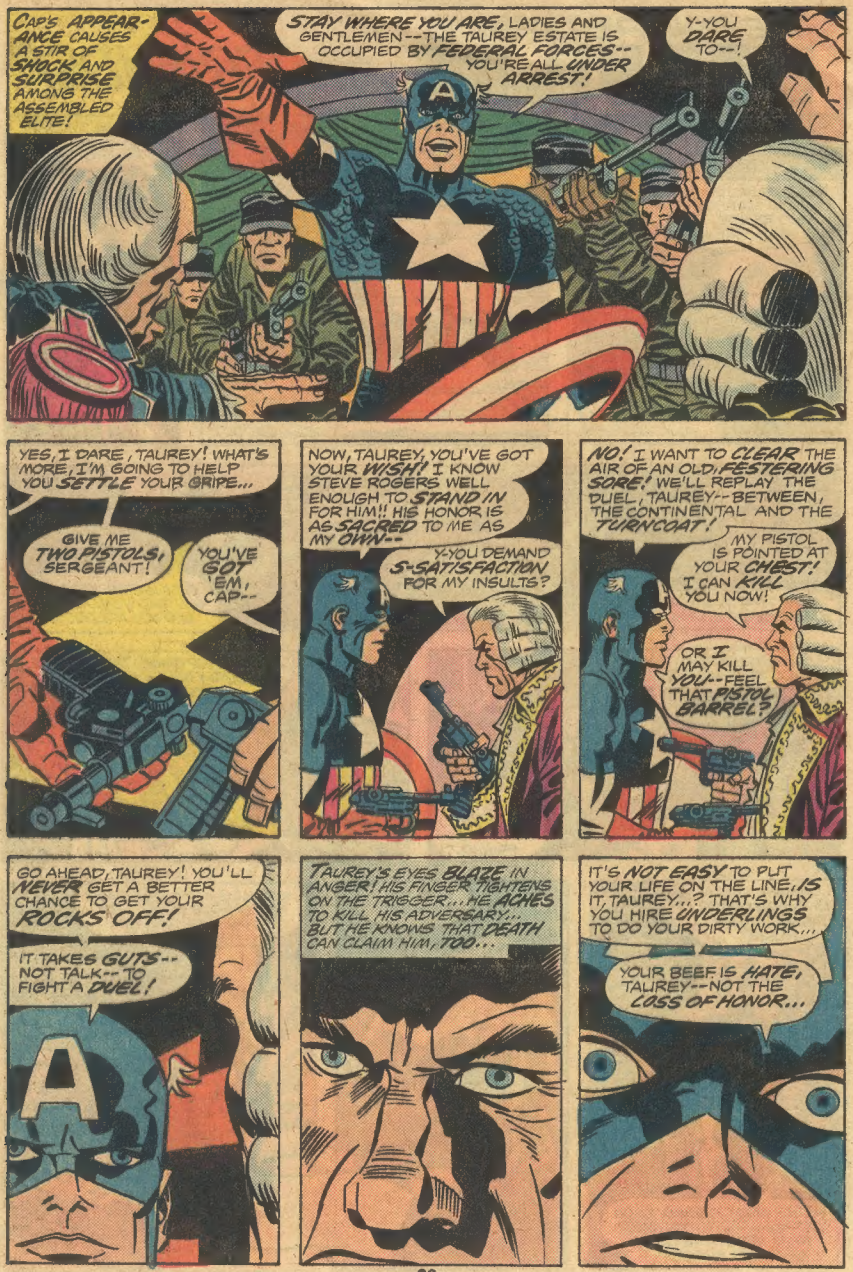
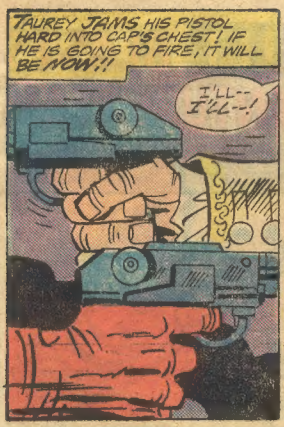
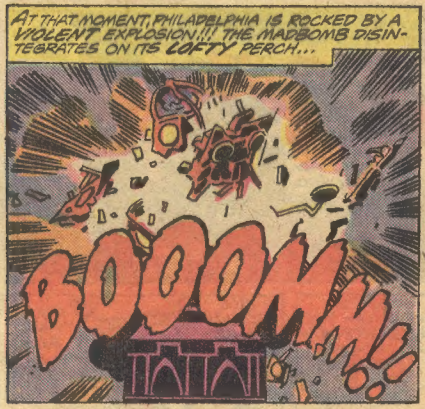
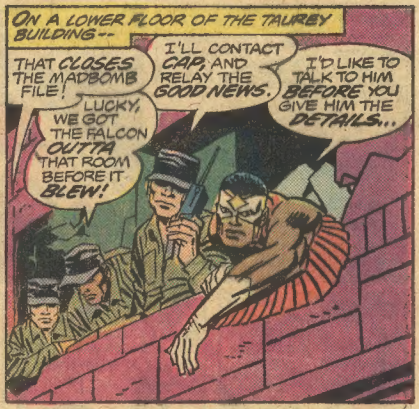

CAP'S APPEARANCE CAUSES A STIR OF SHOCK AND SURPRISE AMONG THE ASSEMBLED ELITE!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--THE TAUREY ESTATE IS OCCUPIED BY FEDERAL FORCES--YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
Y-YOU DARE TO--!
YES, I DARE, TAUREY! WHAT'S MORE, I'M GOING TO HELP YOU SETTLE YOUR GRIPE...
GIVE ME TWO PISTOLS, SERGEANT!
YOU'VE GOT 'EM, CAP--
NOW, TAUREY, YOU'VE GOT YOUR WISH! I KNOW STEVE ROGERS WELL ENOUGH TO STAND IN FOR HIM!! HIS HONOR IS AS SACRED TO ME AS MY OWN--
Y-YOU DEMAND S-SATISFACTION FOR MY INSULTS?
NO! I WANT TO CLEAR THE AIR OF AN OLD, FESTERING SORE! WE'LL REPLAY THE DUEL, TAUREY--BETWEEN, THE CONTINENTAL AND THE TURNCOAT!
MY PISTOL IS POINTED AT YOUR CHEST! I CAN KILL YOU NOW!
OR I MAY KILL YOU--FEEL THAT PISTOL BARREL?
GO AHEAD, TAUREY! YOU'LL NEVER GET A BETTER CHANCE TO GET YOUR ROCKS OFF!
IT TAKES GUTS--NOT TALK--TO FIGHT A DUEL!
TAUREY'S EYES BLAZE IN ANGER! HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER... HE ACHES TO KILL HIS ADVERSARY... BUT HE KNOWS THAT DEATH CAN CLAIM HIM, TOO...
IT'S NOT EASY TO PUT YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE, IS IT, TAUREY...? THAT'S WHY YOU HIRE UNDERLINGS TO DO YOUR DIRTY WORK...
YOUR BEEF IS HATE, TAUREY--NOT THE LOSS OF HONOR...

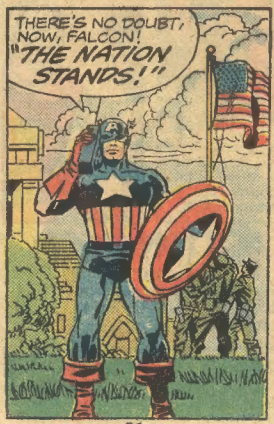


BUT, THE MOMENT PASSES. TAUREY'S TRIGGER FINGER GOES SLACK AS HE LOWERS THE WEAPON...
BAH!! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!! I'D BE A FOOL TO PLAY THIS STUPID LITTLE GAME.
IT WAS NO GAME TO ME, TAUREY!

CAP'S CONTEMPT IS UNDISGUISED AS HE TAKES TAUREY'S PISTOL...
IT'S YOUR GAME THAT'S COME TO AN END, TAUREY! YOUR TRY FOR POWER IS FINISHED!




ON A LOWER FLOOR OF THE TAUREY BUILDINGS--
THAT CLOSES THE MADBOMB FILE!
LUCKY, WE GOT THE FALCON OUTTA THAT ROOM BEFORE IT BLEW!
I'LL CONTACT CAP, AND RELAY THE GOOD NEWS.
I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HIM BEFORE YOU GIVE HIM THE DETAILS...



RING THE LIBERTY BELL AND SET OFF THE FIREWORKS!! -- BUT DON'T WALK ON ZERO STREET WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!

COMING NEXT:

THE

NIGHT PEOPLE!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA! And welcome to this, the 200th issue of CAPTAIN AMERICA! Yes, we know that July 4th is still a ways off, but time and production schedules wait for no Bullpen. So, just think of this as phase one of Marvel's salute to the U.S. Bicentennial. (Phase two, the CAPTAIN AMERICA TREASURY EDITION, will be coming your way soon...so watch for it!) And now, on with the letters page!

Dear Marvel,

The latest issue of CAPTAIN AMERICA—#197—was just great. This was the most action-filled issue since Jack's return. The fighting sequences were superb, and the pacing never slowed until the story was finished. Jack, I must say I really enjoyed your script this time. Cap seemed to live and breathe from the pages, and your takeover of the Falcon's new character has been smooth and consistent. Although the menace of the Madbomb is still present, the smashing of the New Society's underground headquarters should keep them out of the picture for a couple of issues. It was a fine ending to the storyline for the time being, and the artwork was the usual Kirby masterpiece. Again, a fine story for America's greatest hero, Captain America.

Bill Dickenson
5930 West Broadway, Apt. 8
Crystal, MN 55428

Dear Marvel,

Okay, I'll admit it. I'm almost convinced. And I'm glad to eat my words. CAPTAIN AMERICA #197 has almost got me comfortable with the characters again. I don't know whether I'm getting used to Jack's style, or he's toned down a bit, but it's enough to make me withdraw my request to drop Cap from the Avengers' roster.

I think that by CAP #198, I'll be able to drop the "almost" from my first paragraph, for now, make mine Marvel!

Mark R. Kausch
2125 North Ave.
Sacramento, CA 95838

Dear Jack and Bullpen:

When the King returns, he returns. All of the wonder and power of the old Marvel magic is with us once again. It's really like a step back to what everybody is always calling the good old days. But the good old days change to what-is-to-be the good old days of tomorrow, or today. And today, characterization plays such a big part. I miss it in Jack's current work, especially since we all have the subplot-filled days of Steve Englehart fresh in our minds. Ask Jack to tell us what's happened to Sharon Carter, Dave Cox, Peggy Carter, Gabe Jones, and **Leila.**

While I'm so down on Jack, ask him to lighten up his writing. The over-writing would be totally unacceptable if used by anyone else. Why does every word in every line have to spell out either violent action or corny melodrama?

But I'm probably being too hard on Jack. He's an artist whose style and influence can never be matched by another. His storytelling techniques and creations have done an awful lot for comics in their thirty-odd years of existence. Jack has a great many fans, and has won a great amount of praise and honor. And he has deserved every bit of it.

Comics owe a great deal to Jack Kirby. But I'm also looking forward to the letter pages of the future—after he's been back a while—when we can just comment on the comic without treating Jack like a demi-god.

Larry Twiss
227 Fox Run
King of Prussia, PA 19406

And we're sure Jack wouldn't have it any other way, Larl After all, in the final analysis Jack is just folks like anybody else. He puts on his pants a leg at a time, just like you do. And if you don't agree with the way Jack is handling Cap...fine! Jack wants to hear about it, 'cause good, constructive criticism is the best way to set things right.

Ya see, whenever a very talented individual like Jack returns to work on one of his most famous creations, people are just bound to get a bit gushy with praise. Afterwards, when the excitement has worn off, they can sit back and look at things more objectively. As a matter of fact, Larry, we've already printed a number of letters that were at least semi-critical in nature.

But then on the other hand...

Dear Mr. Kirby,

I just received CAPTAIN AMERICA #197 in the mail, and it was fantastic. This issue was not only my favorite of the last five, but it ranks up there as one of my favorite CAPTAIN AMERICA issues ever.

I would just like to say that I disagree with some fans who express doubt over your ability to properly write CAP. Your ideas and concepts are as unique and as fantastic as your art.

Mike Underwood
6241 18th Ave. N.
St. Petersburg, FL 33710

Dear Jack,

Wow! That's all I can think of to say about CAPTAIN AMERICA #197. This is without a doubt the best story and artwork you've turned out since your return to Marvel. From the dynamic cover to the full-page shot on page 17, I just knew I was reading an epic of epics. When it comes to shield-slingers, Mr. K, you cannot be beat! And the Falcon has never looked better, either! Of course, due credit must be given to Frank Giacoia, too! He turned in a truly magnificent job on the inks. You fill your panels so full of action, Jack, that only the best inkers can bring out all the grandeur that is there. And Frank is one of those inkers.

Your writing this ish was the best yet. I notice you've been toning down the unnecessary captions. As I said in a previous letter, you've just got a very different writing style, one that I'm sure I'll get used to quite soon. By any means, the story is coming along nicely. The whole story is really geared towards the bicentennial and is taking a much-needed look at America—what she is, what she stands for, and where she is heading.

Doug Zimmerman
11322 Lafayette St.
Northglenn, CO 80233

Some points well taken, Douglas! And we think you've brought up an important issue...that of *style*. As we see it, folks, the Captain America of Steve Englehart and the Captain America of Jack Kirby are not so different in terms of principle and ideals. The only difference is one of style or, if you will, approach. Jack writes differently than Steve does. As Doug pointed out, it just takes a little getting used to. But once you do...wow!

AND IN THE MONTHS TO COME: Join us at the dawning of a third century, as Cap and Falc take on more action and adventure than you might think possible. You'll even be seeing the return of a certain Sharon Carter. So join us here on Zero Street in just thirty days to meet "The Night People!"

scanned by *Wizard*